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"Travels"

V. Betty's Trip to New Mexico

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Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.
156 Fifth Avenue, New York

Price 2 cents per copy: $2.00 per hundred

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DEAR MISS MARGARET:

When I said good-bye to you I thought Aunt Julia had invited me to spend the summer with her on *her farm,* and I was delighted, for I do love this far-stretching country if it *is* flat, *but!*—

I arrived here—at the farm that is—on Tuesday night. The next morning at breakfast Auntie said, "How much you will enjoy the mountains, Betty!"

Mountains! I just gasped. Why, Miss Margaret, even Old Peter's Hill would seem high here; for miles and miles there seems not even a mole hill to make a mountain *out of!*

So I just gazed in amazement at Auntie. She laughed and told me to look up over the great wheatfield opposite the dining-room windows to a point in the sky about thirteen thousand feet above the ground! Of course I could not even imagine such a height, but Auntie says that if all goes well, we shall actually see mountains as high as that, for oh, Miss Margaret, dear, we are not going to stay on the farm, but shall travel all over *New Mexico!*

I wonder if you did not know of this beautiful plan for I remember now that at our last meeting you said a great deal about Allison-James and Menaul and the plaza schools, though the subject was not New Mexico *at all!*

So I think you must have been let into this lovely secret, and you wanted me to no-

tice particularly all the things you spoke of. Now *didn't* you, Miss Margaret? Well, anyway I shall certainly try not to let the least thing escape me.

We are all packed up, ready to start this afternoon and expect to arrive at Santa Fe on Saturday night. I can hardly believe it yet I feel sure that you will soon receive a letter postmarked Santa Fe from

Your loving
BETTY.

On the train
June, 19—

DEAR GIRLS:

On-the-train I am—and you cannot, I am sure, imagine *what* train, for I told you I was going to spend the summer at Aunt Julia's home in *Iowa*, and so I thought then, but instead of that I am on my way to *New Mexico* with Auntie and her college friend, Miss Florence Moffatt. Miss Moffatt, following Aunt Julia's example of taking some one with her on her trips, invited her young brother to go with her. She always introduces him that way; of course he is younger, *much* younger, but I should think he would get tired of hearing it. It's fine for me though for he is an awfully nice boy and I am sure we shall have a great deal more fun than if he were an old man like—well, like Uncle Robert, though Uncle Bob is perfectly splendid if he *is* old.

Just as I finished that sentence, Aunt Julia passed my seat in going to her own,—we are in a Pullman you know—and saw what I had written. "An old man like Uncle Robert!" she said, "*mercy*, child! how old do you think your Uncle Robert *is?*" Then she told Miss Moffatt about it and they laughed and laughed till tears ran down their cheeks. "What would Margaret say?" Auntie gasped out. "She is perfectly devoted to Betty but I hardly think she could stand *that*. Her magnificent Robert 'an old man' forsooth!"

Well it seemed as if Auntie and Miss Florence would never stop laughing. There was just peal after peal but at last they settled down and were reading quite soberly when I saw Auntie's face all crinkled up again, and heard her murmur "Poor, decrepit old Bob! Did you notice, Florence, how bent he was and shaky the last time you saw him?" and if they didn't start off again! What *do* you think they were laughing at? I am sure I cannot imagine. *Of course* Uncle Bob isn't wobbly or shaky—he *is* "magnificent"—as Auntie said, as straight as an arrow and walks like a soldier—but he told me himself that he would be *thirty-four* years old on his next birthday and if that isn't old I should like to know what is, and, anyway, I only meant that I shouldn't have to be a bit grown up with Harold, but just chatter and giggle and have a good time. We *are* having a perfectly elegant time and I think we are not more silly than some old-er people. I don't dare to write "old," for fear those merry peals should break out again. Of course, when I've said something funny I love to hear them laugh, but this time I was quite serious. I overheard Miss Florence saying just now to Aunt Julia, "But after all, Julia, I had those ridiculous notions myself when I was fourteen." *What* notions, I wonder?

For a long time we have been traveling through magnificent scenery; even while I write I run to a window every other minute to catch a glimpse of some lovely thing that is flying by—and that is one reason this letter is so *jerky* in its sentences. Another reason may be that every *other* minute I stop to talk. Auntie has just said that we *cannot* miss all this wonderful beauty so we are going now to the observation car and there I can't even pretend to write, so I'll say goodby for the present.

Your affectionate friend,

BETTY.

Santa Fe, N. Mex.

MY DEAR MISS MARGARET:

We have been sight-seeing in this old city. It is all very interesting—Spanish remains, *filigree* making and everything but, thanks I suppose to your missionary bringing up, Allison-James fascinates me most of all.

For before coming to Santa Fe we visited some out of the way plazas where the people still live in the old Mexican fashion and I did feel so sorry for the girls of my age and of course for everybody, for life did not seem to be really life at all and yet it might be so perfectly splendid with this glorious air and sunshine if the people took some interest in living and *knew how* to live.

It was *very* low-spiriting, Miss Margaret. Auntie looked at me and exclaimed *"Betty,* low in her mind? Why, what can have happened?" "Nothing has happened," I said, "but it does seem so dreadful for me to be having such a *perfectly fine* life, while those Mexican girls have no chance at all. It does not seem right, somehow. Why, Auntie Julia, those girls look *starved*—in every way I mean—not only hungry for actual *food."*

"No, dear," Auntie said gently, "it is *not* right. But I did not suppose Miss Margaret's girl would need to be reminded of the many people who feel that way about it and are trying to give the Mexican girls this chance in life. Cheer up, my Betty! You will soon see some such starving girls being fed and nourished in body, mind and soul and showing in their very faces the coursing of the new life."

And then, of course, Miss Margaret, I thought of our dear *Allison-James,* and was so glad about it.

I heard Miss Florence say to Aunt Julia, "The sun shines again after the rain" and Auntie smiled and answered, "Yes; you know Betty was our 'April baby'."

I don't know what they meant, but I do know that I could hardly wait until that slow

train—at least it *seemed* dreadfully slow—got to Santa Fe, but at last it did get there and almost the first thing after that was a visit to Allison-James.

There is *so much* to tell about it that I hardly know where to begin, but, probably, once started I shall not know where to stop, so please prepare yourself for a *very* long screed.

I said that those far-off-from-the-railroad girls had a hungry look—*hungry for everything*—and wasn't it funny that the principal (*she is lovely*) should take us first to the big dining room *full* of girls, where the dinner was about to begin. The girls had just been served with such tempting-looking soup. I thought as I saw the many plates, "My! it must take many cooks to *make* that broth—let alone spoil it!" and as the dinner went on—plain and simple things you know, but they did look *so* good—I wondered more and more how the principal could find so many and such good cooks!"

I am afraid I began to look as "hungry" as the Mexican girls, for presently the principal asked us to dine with her in the teacher's dining room, so I had a chance to prove that everything was as good as it looked. *Such delicious bread!*

I said low to Miss Florence, "I wonder where they get so many cooks? Mother sometimes has a hard time to get *one*," and then Aunt Julia said right out loud to the principal, "My niece is wondering where you secure your good cooks?" And the principal smiled and said, "Will the girls who prepared the dinner today please stand?" *And Miss Margaret*, four of the girls in the other room stood up! *They* were the fine cooks, and then I remembered your telling us all about the cooking and the making of so *many* loaves of bread at a meeting. It is one thing, though, to hear about this fine bread at a meeting and quite another to enjoy a piece (not that I stopped at *one* piece) of it right here at Allison-James!

Well, I simply looked at those girls *in awe*, Miss Margaret, for with all *my* splendid "chance" I could no more make and bake a loaf of bread than fly, but this time next year I mean to learn how if it should take all vacation, and some day when you drop in to luncheon you'll take a roll or some bread and look inquiringly at me and I'll nod my head *yes*, and you'll say, "What *good* bread Betty makes!" I mean it shall be good too, but I cannot hope to equal the girls at Allison-James. Their rolls at breakfast are just *fluffs*, they are so light. Just to think! when they go home they will teach *the plazas* how to make real bread.

After dinner was over the principal asked if we would like to see the tables cleared and the dishes washed. As at every school we have visited, the girls were in such training that the whole thing was done in almost no time at all—and Aunt Julia said nothing was *slighted* either. Trust Auntie to see if there were! *I know*, for once when I was very young she was teaching me to darn my stockings, and I thought it would be a good idea to save time and trouble by making a sort of hop stitch across the holes, but I *have never thought so since*, and I still remember the tone of Auntie's voice when she discovered my invention. So if the Allison girls satisfied Aunt Julia, I am sure their work was well done.

After that we went into some of the class rooms. It was so interesting to hear *and see* those recitations—at least to see the girls reciting, for I suppose some of them must come from such plazas as I saw, where the faces were so dull and listless. Some of these faces *fairly sparkled* with interest. I was so happy to see the difference that I just *cried*—and wasn't it foolish to do that?

But indeed, it was almost *glorious* to see that *mind*-hunger being satisfied. After school one of the girls asked her teacher if she might take me to the playground. You know,

Miss Margaret, that I did not have to be asked twice—when there is a chance of outdoor play (or outdoor anything else for that matter!)

So I went out and saw the seesaws and swings and tennis court and played a splendid game of basket ball. You just ought to see these girls play. They seem to put all their heart into it, but so they had put it all into cooking and baking and class-room work. I suppose, like a very great friend of mine, they work while they work and play while they play. Oh, another thing! They do not quarrel or even "scrap," but work together or play together in the jolliest, chummiest way. Spanish-American girls—I am not going to call them "Mexicans"—they don't like it, and I shouldn't either if my ancestors had been Spaniards instead of pilgrim fathers! Especially as the Spaniards "saw America first!" as I should have learned from Harold, if I had not known it before. Harold is just *crazy* about the early explorers of New Mexico. Coronado and Vasco da Gama—no not that. *He* went around the Cape of Good Hope. I think I mean Caba da Vaca—that is not right either, but anyway Harold is crazy about a whole lot of heroes who had names of that kind.

There! I have forgotten what I was going to say about Spanish-American girls! Isn't that too bad?

However, I fancy that Allison girls will not even be ***hyphenated*** much longer, but will be just plain *Americans,* like your proud and happy

BETTY.

P. S. His name was *Cabeza de Vaca*—I have just remembered.

Santa, New Mexico.

DEAR GIRLS:

I wish you were all here—*at Allison-James,* if you please! to see these lovely girls. My travels are *fine*—for all but one thing—and

that is the ashamed-of-myself feeling, of which I have severe attacks every now and then.

I had a perfectly terrible spasm today. It was in the Bible class hour. I mean it was the hour for class Bible recitations, which must be prepared for *by good hard study*—just as other branches are.

You should have heard those girls! And I, with all my splendid "chance," so far behind them in knowledge of the Bible. Indeed I was, and am, ashamed of myself.

This morning we had a lovely little walk over to the James Building, where each of the older pupils has a room to herself. *Auntie called my attention to the beautiful order in which we found them.* (Such an object lesson, you know!)

These girls have such splendid training, not only in cooking and serving meals, as I learned the first day I was here, but in washing and ironing, sewing and in everything a house can require, from garret to cellar! Each girl has her turn at everything, doing it for six weeks at a time I think, and of course she thoroughly learns it. My! what housekeepers they will make some day.

Another beautiful thing is the gardening. There is a splendid orchard, and the girls have gardens under the trees. This will be perfectly *fine* when the girls marry and go to live in some far away *plaza,* miles and miles from any fruit or vegetables, to be able to have their own "green things growing." (The danger is in this high country that things may *stay* green and not ripen; still, if the air is cool, the sun is hot—*I've felt it.*)

And now we have to leave Allison-James. That is the worst of our trips. Just when I am fairly bursting with love for a place and the people in it, I must say good-by and be whisked off to some other place. Still it is perfectly splendid to get even a glimpse of this beautiful work and when it comes to Allison-James even a glimpse is a good

deal, and I just know I shall never forget some things (and *people*) I have learned here. We are just about to start on our plaza school trip. Lovingly,

BETTY.

Chimayo, New Mexico.

MY DEAR MISS MARGARET:

Chimayo is the loveliest place! I am writing on the porch of the teachers' home in the shade of a wood vine, but I stop very often to look out at the beautiful view. The sky and the mountains and the valley below are so lovely today. The sky is deep and *so* blue, with soft, white, fleecy clouds floating in it. The far away mountains are blue and hazy, but those near by to the south of us are bright and shining in the morning sunlight and the canyon over at the southwest lies in deep shadow. It is so beautiful. It must be lonely though for our missionaries—so far away from people—except of course the people of the plaza.

Our teachers are so busy with their teaching, visiting and caring for the sick, and so interested in making life better and happier for their people that perhaps they have no time to think of the loneliness. I can see though how delighted they are to visit with Aunt Julia and Miss Florence, and I don't wonder, for in some way Auntie seems to bring the big outside world right up here to the mountains—and she is so jolly, too, all the time.

Now I am going to show you how much I have learned about this school. In the year 1900 the people of this little valley of Chimayo petitioned the Woman's Board of Home Missions for a school, and in response a school was opened in a little adobe room. Soon every corner was occupied and the next year a suitable school building was erected called the John Hyson Memorial;

next a Sunday school was organized and a church followed, the first members of it coming from the Sunday school.

After this conditions changed in many ways for the better; the people became more thrifty and better homes were built. Many of the pupils have gone out to our higher schools, and are now teaching in the public schools of New Mexico. The principal of this school tells us that twelve little plazas or villages depend to a large extent upon it for any education. Pupils come from villages eight and nine miles to the west and from one to five miles to the east and southeast.

I wish I could write all I have heard about the school and especially about some of the former pupils and the work they are doing now, but all this must wait until I see you.

Till then,

Your loving

BETTY.

Truchas, New Mexico.

MY DEAR MISS MARGARET:

After quite a journey back through the mountains, we are now at this beautiful plaza of Truchas. How I wish you could be up here with us to enjoy it all. The teachers' cozy little home and the chapel-school-house, which is quite large and airy, stand on the edge of a mesa overlooking a deep canyon and facing pine-covered hills that give out a most delicious spicy fragrance. Beyond the hill are grand mountain ranges and lofty, snow-capped peaks.

There is from here the most wonderful view of the Rio Grande valley. It is all so perfectly wonderful and beautiful that I should think living here would fill every one with big and grand thoughts. But the teachers tell us that this is not so, and indeed the people (about seven hundred) are huddled wretchedly together, almost as though in a

crowded tenement region, and yet all around them is this grand, free, open country.

A few of the plaza homes are still occupied and I have been visiting some of them this morning with the principal and Aunt Julia and have come to the conclusion that wherever people have roused up into some kind of energy and ambition, it is owing to the influence of the mission school, for a young man who learned to speak English at Menaul (he was one of the early pupils of this school) told Auntie that no one used wagons before the mission school came and that all the homes then had dirt floors and *no windows*, so you see all thrift and desire for better living as well as lives given to Christ seem to date back to the opening of the mission school. The spark of hope brought in those first days has been fanned into flame, until now between thirty and forty lives have been transformed by the Spirit of Christ.

Truchas has an altitude of 8,000 feet; no fruits will ripen—and *when* do you suppose the people have lettuce and other "spring" vegetables? Why, not until *September*, when the harvesting of the crops also begins. This is done by hand with sickles and threshed by a herd of goats tramping the grain, which is put down on the ground in a large circle and the goats are driven around and round over it. After that all the wheat and oats must be washed in the irrigating ditch by the women and girls. Consequently many of the children do not enter school until November, and they have a very short school year, for with the first sign of spring moving to the ranches begins. I do feel sorry for the teachers, for just as the children have gotten well started in school up they must go to the ranch, which is probably four or five miles away.

They tell us that this quiet plaza up in the mountains is a very bustling little place in the time of the spring moving. It is all astir with wagons and burros, laden with camping outfits, and women, children, dogs, pigs and

chickens, either in the wagons or coming along behind.

The mission schools are known to be the best in all the surrounding country and Truchas often has pupils who come from a distance of eighteen or twenty miles.

The Bible is used as a text book; the older pupils are very familiar with the life of Christ, and the younger ones are eager to hear and tell the many Bible stories they know.

Aunt Julia says I must have listened attentively to their talking; all that I have written in this letter is just a report of what I have heard. There has not been so much to see because all the young people have already gone out to the ranches. We shall leave here soon and go on to Chamisal and, later, to Pyle Memorial School at Taos. After that Aunt Julia hopes to visit the other plaza schools. Some of them are rather difficult to reach—not so very far off, but on the other side of the great mountains, where the roads are rough and steep; but I don't mind *that.*

I am having a most beautiful time, and there will be lots of tales for you some day to hear from Your loving

BETTY.

Ranchos de Taos.

DEAR GIRLS:

What a ride I have had to get to Ranchos de Taos—almost standing on my head sometimes!

I remember what a time we had in telling these *Taos-es* from one another in our meetings. They would get all mixed up—but I am sure I shall never confuse them again, each one will stand clearly out in my memory —if for no reason than because of *the getting to it!*

But I certainly shall remember Ranchos de Taos for its fine vegetable garden, and for

the little gardens of some of the people, who have learned how to make them and have gotten slips and seeds from the teacher of the mission school.

Most of all I shall remember it by its *orchard*—an unusual sight up here and so *lovely*. Just waves and clouds of rose and pink and white blossoms and lovely tracery of brown branches and pale green leaves against a background of the grand mountains —gray and blue and purple—the most *exquisite* thing!

I shall not forget either that the orchard itself is owing to the faith and patience of Miss Alice Hyson (another "Johnny Appleseed"), for so many years the beloved friend and teacher of the people of Ranchos de Taos. When she came here to open a school —I think it was one of the first schools for the Mexican children—she was not so many years older than we are now. Just think of that.

She was as brave as could be, but was some times a little homesick, especially as her own home was in a leafy country and here when she came there was not a single tree to be seen in all the plaza. The people told her it was not worth while to plant trees for they would not grow, and even if they did, no fruit could ripen.

Nevertheless Miss Hyson set out both fruit and shade trees, and a few years ago she had to cut down some of her shade trees to give more space to the fruit trees, which had grown very large, and *so beautiful*. While of course this year's harvest is all in the future, we know something of what it will be from the delicious preserves of last year's fruit.

Aunt Julia says that even more beautiful than the orchard are the fruits of the Spirit seen in the lives of the Christians of this plaza. These also are of Miss Hyson's planting and watering and God gave the increase.

No, I am sure I shall never forget Ran-

chos de Taos nor its lovely and loving missionary teacher.

I must stop now—hope you have remembered to send letters to Albuquerque, where we expect to arrive *sometime*.

Your loving friend,

BETTY.

Albuquerque, New Mexico.

DEAR GIRLS:

We have visited all our Mexican schools in New Mexico and Colorado and in order to reach some of them have returned several times to Santa Fe and then started out again in a different direction. It has been a glorious trip so far.

We arrived at Albuquerque yesterday, but have not yet been to Menaul School, which is two miles or more out of town, so I shall tell you in this letter something more about the plaza schools.

Now that I have seen them all—Chimayo, Truchas, Chamisal, Ranchos de Taos, Taos, and El Prado de Taos, Agua Negra, El Rito, Embudo and Trementina in New Mexico, and San Pablo and San Juan in Colorado, there is one thing I am just *wild* about—and that is the sickness and suffering—and no physicians near, and what is almost worse, no nurses, for as Aunt Julia says, even when a physician has been sent for and comes from his home, probably from forty to sixty miles away, and has done his best and gone home, leaving careful instructions as to what to do—the poor, ignorant people do not carry out his instructions at all; probably they go quite contrary to them—and so many, especially little children, suffer and die, when if a nurse were there she would know just how to care for them.

It is awfully sad. I wish the Board had money enough to place a nurse in every plaza where there is a mission school. But there is something splendid to tell. They

have a nurse at Embudo and are going to have a little hospital or dispensary there, I am not sure which it is to be. To get water in some of these plazas they must drill artesian wells and at Embudo they went down six hundred feet before they could find good, pure water, such as a hospital must have, of course. It is going to make such a difference in Embudo! and it will be glorious if nurses *can* be sent to other plazas. Don't you think our fine, big Westminster Circle (how many times we have to change our name!) could *do something* towards sending them?

I am sure you will all want to have a share in this after I have told you, *at the very first meeting after I reach home,* if Miss Margaret will let me, about things as they are up here in the mountains.

Another thing I can't get over is the earnest way the Bible is studied in these schools, and the difference in the plazas where it has been studied for some time. I don't want to be irreverent—the Indians in our Indian Mission schools taught me not to be—but when I see the dark, windowless, little adobe houses in the Bibleless plazas, and the bright, shining glass windows in the plazas where our missionaries have taught the Bible, I always think of that verse in the Psalms. "The entrance of Thy word giveth light," and I know that light shines even more brightly in the hearts of these boys and girls—for I can see it beaming out from their faces.

In each plaza school there are some boys and girls who expect to try for Menaul or Allison-James. The teachers have let me take the names of these pupils (they are most of them about our age) and it will be so interesting to keep track of them. Auntie says that when I am "an old woman—*about thirty-four*"—I shall probably hear of them as useful and distinguished men and women, and strong Christians every one, in all "walks of life" in New Mexico, for that is the way the

graduates of our Mexican Mission schools turn out.

Aunt Julia is calling to me that the carriage is ready for our drive out to Menaul. I am very much excited, for I shall see I suppose about one hundred and forty boys, and probably be the only girl there. Just think of that! Your happy friend,

BETTY.

Albuquerque, New Mexico.

MY DEAR MISS MARGARET:

It was fine to get your letters and Uncle Robert's and others from the home folks and from several of the girls—all waiting for me here at the post office. It was a good idea to send them for I'm afraid we should have lost a good many in the wilds of the mountains if you had tried to follow us up in our plaza journeys, *especially* to Trementina! Such a long, long wagon ride! and the missionary told us that she had taken that same ride going and coming for about twenty years, I think she said, for you see Trementina, although a most important town to all the people for miles and miles, yet is far from a railroad. We were glad enough though that we had not decided to skip Trementina on that account, for we should have missed a great deal if we had done so.

I cannot describe the influences of this mission school, but I can *feel* them, or rather I can feel the influence of the missionary's beautiful life—such a friend she is to all the people! such an adviser and guide! such a lover of them all! Aunt Julia has been telling me about this "city set on a hill" whose light shines for miles and miles around, and I heard her say to herself when she finished, "Certainly a missionary's life is worth the living," and her tone made me feel as if she herself had made up her mind to live it—but perhaps this is only a notion of mine.

Our trip is going to make at least one missionary, for before she and Harold left us at Santa Fe Miss Florence Moffatt made up *her* mind. Isn't that splendid?

She said it was seeing how some of the plaza teachers had to be doctors and nurses and ministers as well as teachers, that had made her resolve to take a nurse's training and after that to come out here to one of the loneliest and farthest away plazas where she can be a companion and helper to the teacher of the mission school. You know the Moffatts are very wealthy, so Miss Florence can do this without receiving any salary from the Board.

But when I began, I meant to plunge in at once to tell you about Menaul School, for I am simply out of breath from all I saw yesterday. We had such a warm welcome from the superintendent and his wife. Auntie always has wherever she goes and everyone is lovely and kind to me.

We were shown every part of the building and work, from the cellar to the roof; saw the boys in classes at work, at meals, in the kitchen preparing food, and in the fine large laundry which was built mainly by the boys themselves. I should think they would rather build it than do the washing in it afterward. Nevertheless, the long lines of sheets and towels and table cloths, *etc.*, were snowy white and Mrs. Ross said she is very proud, too, of the boys' ironing.

I know they are good cooks. Not even that delectable dinner at the Allison-James could go ahead of these meals in enjoyableness.

Still it was plain that the boys really took more interest in the outdoor work, farming and gardening and repairs or new buildings.

There is a fine well here. They told us that the pump and well are the best to be found in this part of New Mexico; the well can supply abundant water to about one hundred acres of land. Of course this gives

the boys splendid farm training and also provides much food for the school.

These boys are fine looking fellows—especially the Seniors—so manly and so polite. The superintendent and his wife must be very proud of them.

Another thing surprised me, Miss Margaret: Mrs. Ross told Aunt Julia that many of the boys did not know *a word of English* when they came to Menaul. You would never think so, for they do such good work in class, though it *is* all done in a "foreign" tongue.

They teach temperance principles at Menaul (of course they do!) and out of the thousand boys who have gone out from there only four are saloon-keepers, and this is a great credit to their resolution, for there is great demand from the liquor interests for bright young men and large inducements are offered to the graduates of Menaul.

A former pupil of this school is now studying to be a minister to his own people. He spends his summer vacations in preaching to the people and being helpful to them in every way. This is what he says about Menaul:

"Menaul is the great center light that is shining and will illuminate New Mexico, not only in the faith of Christ, but in honest and faithful work in business, politics and in all commercial lines."

I have told you, Miss Margaret, that *perhaps* Aunt Julia, and certainly Miss Florence, will be missionaries some day. This would be a great trip—wouldn't it?—if it should also lead the two *younger* members of its party, to make missions the work of their life. I shall not be calling you "Miss Margaret" when that time comes and perhaps some day you and Uncle Robert will come out West to visit

Your *missionary* NIECE,

BETTY.

No. 528—1st Ed.—5, 1915.

A. E. DITTRICH, LTD.
Printers · New York